

Can

*Conn. Poetry*

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# LYRICAL TRANSLATIONS

FROM THE LANGUAGES OF  
OC, ITALIAN, SPANISH, PORTUGUESE  
—AND—  
PROVINCIAL DIALECTS.

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“ Seigneurs, ore écoutez,  
S'il vous plaît, et oyez  
*Chansons des Trouvères gai,*  
Meilleurs n'en ouirez;  
• • • • •  
Vous en saurez le vrai,  
Si en paix m' écoutez.”

ROMAN DE FIER-A-BRAS.

Entered according to Act of Parliament in the year 1887,  
by CH. J. PARHAM, in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.

## **DEDICATION.**

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TO THE HONORABLE LICENTIATE  
DON HILARIO SANTIAGO GABILONDO  
IN TESTIMONY OF GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE,  
THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED  
BY THE AUTHOR.

## **ADVERTISEMENT.**

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Presuming that a few of those who may honour this little volume with a passing glance are unacquainted with some of the Mediæval Poets herein mentioned, the liberty is occasionally taken to append biographical and explanatory notes.

For various quotations relating to "Tensons" and "Sirventes," due acknowledgment is made to the grand works of Raynouard and Fauriel, to which the reader who may have a desire to study the *Romance* Poets is referred.

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With the view of facilitating reference, after the name of each author, the first line of phrase of the original composition is quoted in *italics* as a title to each translation.

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READ:

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# TENSONS;

OR,

## POETICAL TOURNAMENTS,

Of which Gentle Dames of mutual choice  
were the Judges.

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## TENSON.

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NOTE.—The Troubadour Savaric de Mauléon, a rich baron of Poitou, loved a noble dame of Gascony, wife of Viscount Gavaret, the Lord of Langon and Saint-Macaire.

The poet designated her by the name of Guillemette de Benagues.

Savaric believed his flame reciprocated, but the Viscountess had secretly allowed Elias Rudel, Lord of Bergerac, and Geoffroy Rudel de Blaye,\* to conceive the same hope.

One day the three chevaliers were paying their most gallant addresses, each striving to win a special mark of esteem. The Viscountess, expert in coquetry,

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\* “Geoffroy Rudel, Prince of Blaye, became enamored of the Countess of Tripoli (without having even seen her), by simply hearing her praises sung by the minstrels and pilgrims returning from Antioch, and he composed many pretty verses about her and set them to beautiful airs. Becoming possessed of an irresistible desire to see her, he joined the Crusades and embarked for Palestine. Upon the voyage he was taken so dangerously ill that those who were with him feared he would die on the ship. However they had time to convey him to an inn in Tripoli where he lay unconscious. His attendants informed the Countess and she came to his bed side and gently raised him in her arms. He knew her, and for a moment recovered his senses and thanked God for having graciously prolonged his life till he had seen her: and thus he died in the arms of the Countess. She had his remains honorably entombed in the Temple of Tripoli: and that same day she became a nun, in sorrowful devotion to his memory.”—(*Translation.*)

had sufficient address to satisfy all of them regarding the issue.

Geoffroy Rudel was seated before her and obtained for a favor, sundry amorous glances. She tenderly squeezed the hand of Elias de Bergerac, while her dainty slipper lightly pressed the foot of Sir Savaric. Not one of the trio suspected the favors accorded his rivals, but after they had taken leave of the lady, Elias and Geoffroy began to boast of their respective conquests, while Savaric, justly irritated, kept silent.

Believing, nevertheless, that he was the most encouraged, he consulted Hugues de la Bâchelerie and Gaucelm Faidit, to know, to which of the three the Viscountess (whom he does not name) had manifested the most love: this is the subject of the following Tenson.

---

“*Gauelms, tres Jocx enamoratz.*”

“*Formosae aspectus mulieris daemonis arcus  
Per quem missa ferit dira sagitta viros.*”

I.

SAVARICS DE MALLEO.

“*Gauelms:*—To you and Sir Hugh I propound  
Three amorous pleas in debate;  
So, name me the two, you wish to pursue,  
And I will the third advocate.

Now, three Courtiers\* gay, a lady has,  
And she so well her role sustains,  
That, with them all, at once, before her,  
She to each some secret favor deigns ;  
An ardent glance enamours one,  
While the other's hand she squeezes,  
And the conquest of the third is won,  
As his foot she smiling presses ;  
Now, tell me, which do you infer,  
Her warmest love possesses ? ”

II.

GAUCELM FAIDIT.

“ Right well, Sir Savarics, you know,  
That he the sweetest pledge enjoys,  
Who is with frank and tender gaze,  
By handsome eyes regarded,—  
As from the heart such tokens flow,  
In warm excess of passion.  
But, a lifeless ‘ squeeze,’ I'll never praise,  
That does him neither good nor damage,—  
For ladies have ‘ those pleasant ways ’  
Of greeting an acquaintance ;  
Nor does the lady's artful tread,

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\* Courtiere literally translated : ‘ Supplicants.’ Language of “ Oe ” : ‘ Preyadors.’ French : Priantes, Solliciteurs.

Impress me with her kind intent,  
Nor should he be by it mislead."

III.

UGO DE LA BACALARIA.

"*Gaucelms*:

Argue as you please, and still  
You'll not maintain your point with reason,  
For coquettish glances, can but ill  
Sustain the friend whom you defend ;  
If from those eyes' erratic rays,  
Some mark of favor\* he awaits,  
'Tis folly ! since the eye looks many ways,  
And—performs no other office.  
But, when the gloveless, soft white hand,  
E'er clasps 'its friend' with glowing fervour,  
That impulse is the heart's command !  
Let Sir Savarics, who with such grace  
Propounds, maintain the courteous pressure  
Of the foot, for I decline the case."

---

\* Some mark of favor. Language of "Oe"; "S'el i enten," which means to say: If he expects his flame 'corresponded.' (See note 1, "Entendeire.")

I.

SAVARICS DE MALLEO.

*“Sir Hugh:*

Since to me you leave the best,  
Its defence I assume with pleasure,  
And contest, that he whose foot was press'd  
Received the most ‘expressive’ favor ;  
Since, by mild, tho' prudent thoughts possessed,  
The smiling dame obviously concealed,  
The genial flame her foot confess'd.  
But they, who, from gloveless hands expect  
A truer proof of love, lack judgment ;  
And I doubt, that Gaucelms would affect  
Allegiance to a glance, if he knew  
As much of love as he professes. ”

II.

GAUCELMS FAIDIT.

*“Sir:*

You, who, those tender glances scorn  
From loving eyes so softly beaming,  
Know not what sweet messages are borne  
From the heart that sends them wooing,  
Since for lovers, the eye exposes  
That which fear in the heart retains,

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And thus, their warmest love discloses.  
While, oft' with mocking laugh deriding,  
Her courtiers' feet, a lady presses,—  
But, from a kindly motive, never !  
Sir Hugh maintains a glaring error,  
For the clasp of hands expresses naught,  
That foreshadows love, whatever."

### III.

#### UGO DE LA BACALARIA.

" *Gaucelms :*

Distant far, from love removed,  
Sir Savarics and you have wandered,  
As the Tenson clearly will have proved ;  
For the eyes that you have chosen,  
Here, so fondly, to invest with fame,  
Have betrayed full many suitors.\*  
And, altho' some fair deceiving dame,  
Should press my foot a year entire,  
No charm of hers my heart could touch !  
So I contend, that honest pressure  
Of the hand, was worth a hundred such—  
For, if it had not pleased the heart,  
N'er would have love, the impulse given."

---

\*Suitors. Language of "Oe": "Entendedors." French : Ecoutés, Correspondents. (See Note 1, "Entendeire.")

I.

SAVARICS DE MALLEO.

“Gaucelms:

Fairly vanquish'd in debate,  
Are you and Sir Hugh, most certainly,  
And I wish the mistress of my fate—\*  
Who has vanquished me—to arbitrate,  
With “Na Maria,”† where honour dwells.”

II.

GAUCELMS FAIDIT.

“Sir:

Vanquish'd am I not, as you will see,  
When we, before the court of love appear;  
And I also wish the judge to be  
“Na Guillelma de Benagues,” she  
Of loving, courteous dames, the peer.”

---

\* Mistress of my fate. Language of “Oc”: Garda Cors.  
Literally translated: Keeper of my heart, a disguised appellation  
for the Countess.

† Na Maria. Dona Maria de Ventadour of the Court of  
Limozin.

III.

UGO DE LA BACALARIA.

*“ Fair Sirs :*

My lucid reasons are so good,  
That they, the very signs of yours deface!—  
And I, too, know a dame of kindly mood,  
With whom the judgment I would place;  
But such, I see, is the mind of three.”

---

NOTE I.

The Troubadours had four degrees in chevaleresque love. The first was “ Feignaire,” hesitant; the second was “ Pregaire,” suppliant; the third was “ Entendeire,” correspondent; and the fourth was “ Drutz,” gallant.

He who is inclined to love a lady, and frequently pays his court, but does not speak to her of love, is a timid hesitant. But if the lady encourages him till he ventures to speak his sentiment, he is then justly styled a suppliant. And if by worthy addresses he induces her to retain and honor him with a mark of her favor, in the shape of a cordon, sash or glove, he is dubbed a correspondent. And if, in fine, it pleases the lady to bestow her love by a kiss upon her loyal correspondent, he then becomes her gallant.

Here it may not be amiss to enumerate the extreme privileges enjoyed by the gallants of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, that readers, unacquainted with “ l’amour Chevaleresque,” may not needlessly censure.

The following prose, translation in French, expresses the ultimate hope of some gallant; and in continuation, translated, are the comments of M. Fauriel upon the same:—“ Oh ! mal fera-t-elle ma Dame, si elle ne me fait venir là où elle se

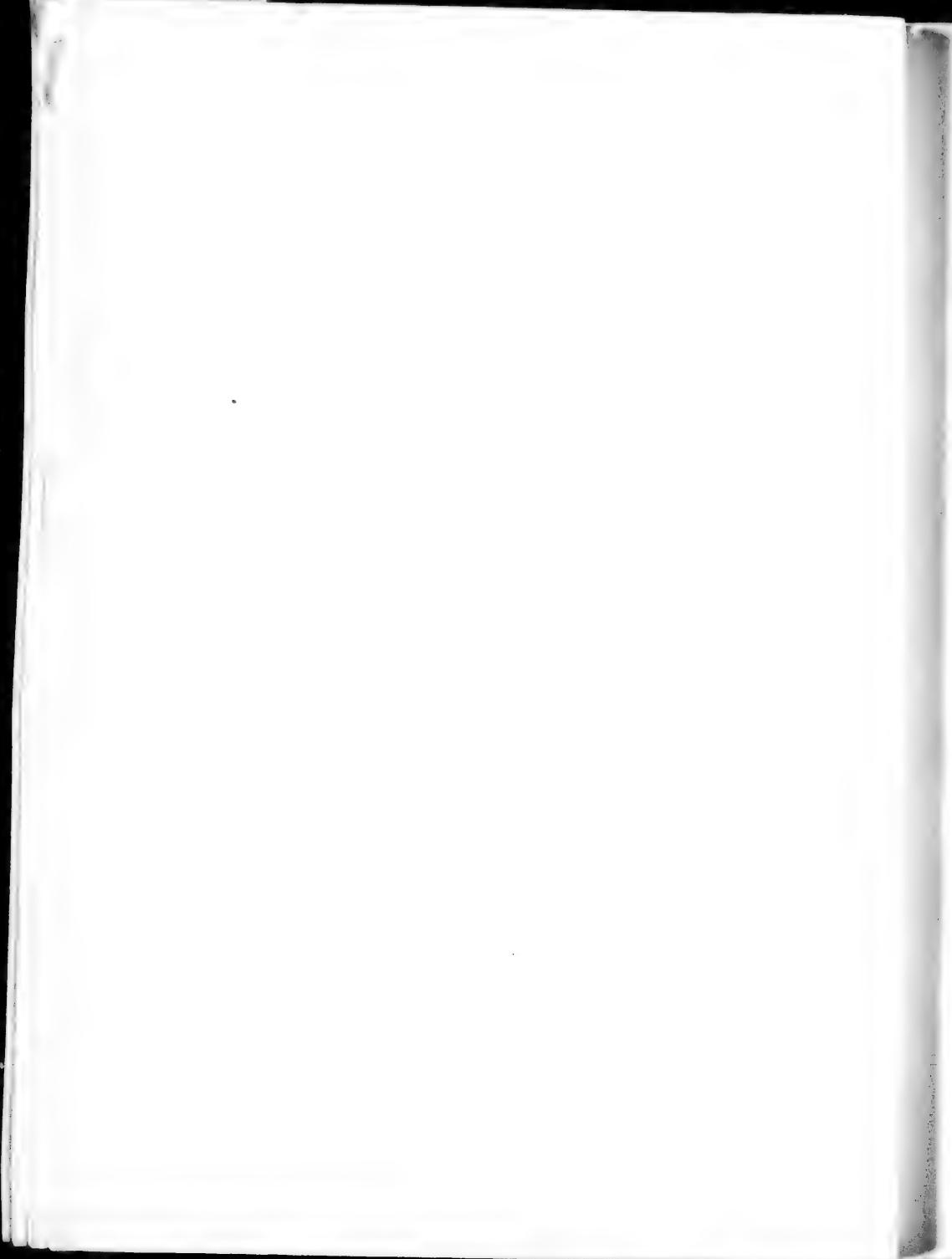
déshabille ; et si, m'ayant permis d'agenouiller près de son lit, elle ne daigne me tendre le pied, pour que je lui délie ses bien chaussants souliers."

"To be present at the déshabillé of his lady, and even assisting her to undress and see her retire, was among the 'favors' permitted in chevaleresque love, and the one which the troubadour most often and earnestly sought for. One might easily be tempted to attribute this usage to very vulgar motives, yet that would be an error. The fact is, the usage thus consecrated to the vassalage of love was derived, like many others, from feudal vassalage.

"It was an ordinary occurrence for the vassals to be present and assist their suzerain to retire."

A troubadour expresses himself upon this point as follows :—" Il ne sait de "donnoy" (c'est-à-dire d'amour) vraiment rien, celui qui désire la possession entière de sa Dame. Cela n'est plus amour qui tourne à la réalité (qui cesse d'être un culte de sentiment et de pensée); et la cœur ne se donne (ni ne donne jamais rien) par devoir. C'est assez qu'un ami ait de sa dame anneaux ou cordon, pour s'estimer l'égal du roi de Castille. S'il reçoit d'elle des joyaux, et quelque baiser dans l'occasion, c'est beaucoup (c'est presque trop) pour l'amour vrai. La moindre chose de plus est pure merci."—*Fauriel*.





# TENSON

Between the Troubadour Pistoleta and a  
Noble Dame.

---

*"Bona Domna, un conseill vos deman."*

## I.

### PISTOLETA.

*"Lady:*

Your advice I humbly would pray,  
For good council I sadly am needing,  
Since for a dame, I'm possessed with a flame,  
Far beyond other passions exceeding,—  
So, tell me, would you advise me to woo her,  
Or still longer my ardor restrain?  
As impatience may incur a reproof,  
Where patient delay might attain."

## II.

### LADY.

*"Sir:*

I would say—since thus to me it appears—  
That the suitor does best who woos his lady,

And the lover knows little who fears,  
Since no gentle dame ever hurt cavaliers ;  
And, if she resents his addresses,  
He cannot, with reason, feel grieved,  
For a lady of worth possesses  
The art of courteously rejecting."

I.

PISTOLETA.

"*Lady* :

If I should ask her love, I fear  
She might tell me what I would not care to hear,  
And declare, that she will never love me—  
And thus replace her kindness with reproof,  
So, I think it wise to love in silence,  
Till she is pleased to smile approval ;  
But tell me now, which course would you com-  
mend,  
As most effective, to attain my end ?"

II.

LADY.

"*Sir* :

A lover is ever of fickle mind,  
But the fool is he who takes its council,

For the one who courts a dame unk'nd,  
And then laments her harsh dismissal,  
Should know, that the object of his ambition  
Is not amenable for his distresses ;—  
And, if he hopes for recognition,  
He should serve her truly and in peace.”

I.

PISTOLETA.

“ *Lady* :

Since with such candor you respond,  
I will meet my fate without delay,  
As I think your council well conceived,  
And acceptable in every way ;  
For, of the lady, you can tell me fully,  
If she cares to love, or me retain—  
And you can aid my suit most truly,  
If it please you, and your heart assents.”

II.

LADY.

“ *Sir* :

Tell me who this lady is, I pray,  
O'er whom you say I hold such sway,  
For I affirm (and trust you give me credence),

That I will soon the truth discover,  
And timely warn, if she deceives you,  
Or entertains another lover,—  
So, let no further fear, her name delay,  
But tell me who the lady is, I say !”

I.

PISTOLETA.

“ *Lady* :

So courteous are her words to me,  
That she must know that I adore her,  
For, when *thus* we speak of love together,  
I pale and flush, o’er power’d with joy, before  
her—

So it seems to me, —you might discern !  
Or guess, that which I tremble but to say !  
For ’tis you for whom these blushes burn !—  
Pardon, lady ! if I have spoken rashly.”



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## SIRVENTE.

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Under the denomination of "Sirvente," the Troubadours comprehended all lyrical compositions on any other subject but love.

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## BERTRAN DE BORN.

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“ Sappi ch ’l son Bertran dal Bornio, quelli  
Che diedi al re Giovanni i ma’ conforti,  
I feci ’l padre e ’l figlio in se rebelli;  
Achitofel no fe piu d’ Absalone  
E di David co’ malvagi pungelli.”

DANTE, INFERNO, CH. XXVIII.

Bertrand de Born was the ideal of daring and undisciplined warriors of the middle age. Becoming old, he repented of the life he had led and entered a monastery, where he died.

This pious end has not prevented Dante placing the Bellicose Troubadour very deep in the infernal region, where he represents him carrying his head in his hand in the guise of a lantern—symbolical punishment for having severed the limbs from the trunk. That is to say, the father from the children: Henry II. of England and his three sons. This warrior poet, with his “Sirventes” and intrigues, not only embroiled himself continually with his neighbors, but succeeded in keeping most of the Princes and nobles of Europe in war. The old Chronicler says:—“When Richard had made peace with Bertran de Born, and rendered him his Castle of ‘Antafort,’ the King joined the Crusade and passed beyond seas, and Bertran remained warring with Sir Aimar, the Viscount of Limoges and with the Count of Pierregorc and with all other neighboring Barons.

"And, as you have heard, when Richard was returning, he was seized in Germany and imprisoned for two years, when he ransomed himself with gold.

"And when Bertran de Born learned that the King was to be released, he was over-joyed on account of the great assistance he knew he would have from him, and the injury it would be to his enemies. For you must know that Bertran had written in his heart all the evils those warriors had perpetrated in Lemozin, and in the possessions of King Richard, and so he composed his 'Sirventes.'"—(Translation.)

The following composition, in which he declares his passion for war, seems to have been inspired by the wild intoxication of carnage, in the midst of the horrors of the field of battle. It was sung in the court of Richard Cœur de Lion, for the purpose of inciting him to renew hostilities:—

*"Be m play lo douz temps de pascor."*

Well pleased am I with the vernal rays,  
That bring the leaves and flowers of spring ;  
And pleased when I hear the joyous lays  
Of little birds that sweetly sing  
Their love notes in the wild-wood.  
I'm pleased when on the verdant plain,  
White tents and pavilions shine ;  
And in my heart I'm pleased again,  
When o'er the meadows, form'd in line,  
I see mail'd knights and chargers.

From the coursers' \* path it pleases me  
When mercenaries† take to flight,  
And, after them, I'm pleased to see  
Long ranks in armor close in fight;  
And I have greater pleasure,  
When some castle fortress is belayed,  
And breaches in the walls are made,  
While besieging hosts are close arrayed  
Around the massive palisade,  
Upon the margin of the Moat.

With the Cavalier I'm pleased as well,  
Who, fearless, leads to the assault ;  
For his loyal troops with ardor swell—  
When valiant deeds their souls exalt—  
To emulative heroes !  
When charging upon the foe amain,  
Eagerly forward all should bound  
To joyfully swell his martial train ;  
As none for valor are renown'd  
Till they, blows, both give and take.

When the tides of war meet on the plain,  
And swords and lances, shields transpierce,

---

\* Roman, "Corredor"; French, "Coureurs"; light cavalry.

† Roman, "Avers"; French, "Troupes"; mercenary troops.

And bright hued helmets cleave in twain,  
Mid struggling throngs of vassals fierce,  
Plunge the steeds of warriors slain.  
When the furious tumult culminates,  
No son of honoured parentage  
Thinks of aught, but lopping limbs and pates,  
Since death were fairer heritage,  
Than life among the vanquished !

For me no sweeter pleasure lies  
In eating, drinking or sleeping,  
Than to hear the thrilling battle cries,  
And frantic neighs of horses, leaping  
Riderless through the forest ;  
And see both nobles and retainers fall  
Upon the scarping's sloping wall,  
And hear them—"To the rescue!" call,  
And from the dead, thro' mail and all,  
See fatal shafts protruding.

ENVOY.

Barons ! now place in gage,  
Each castle, city and village,  
E're any of you in wars engage.

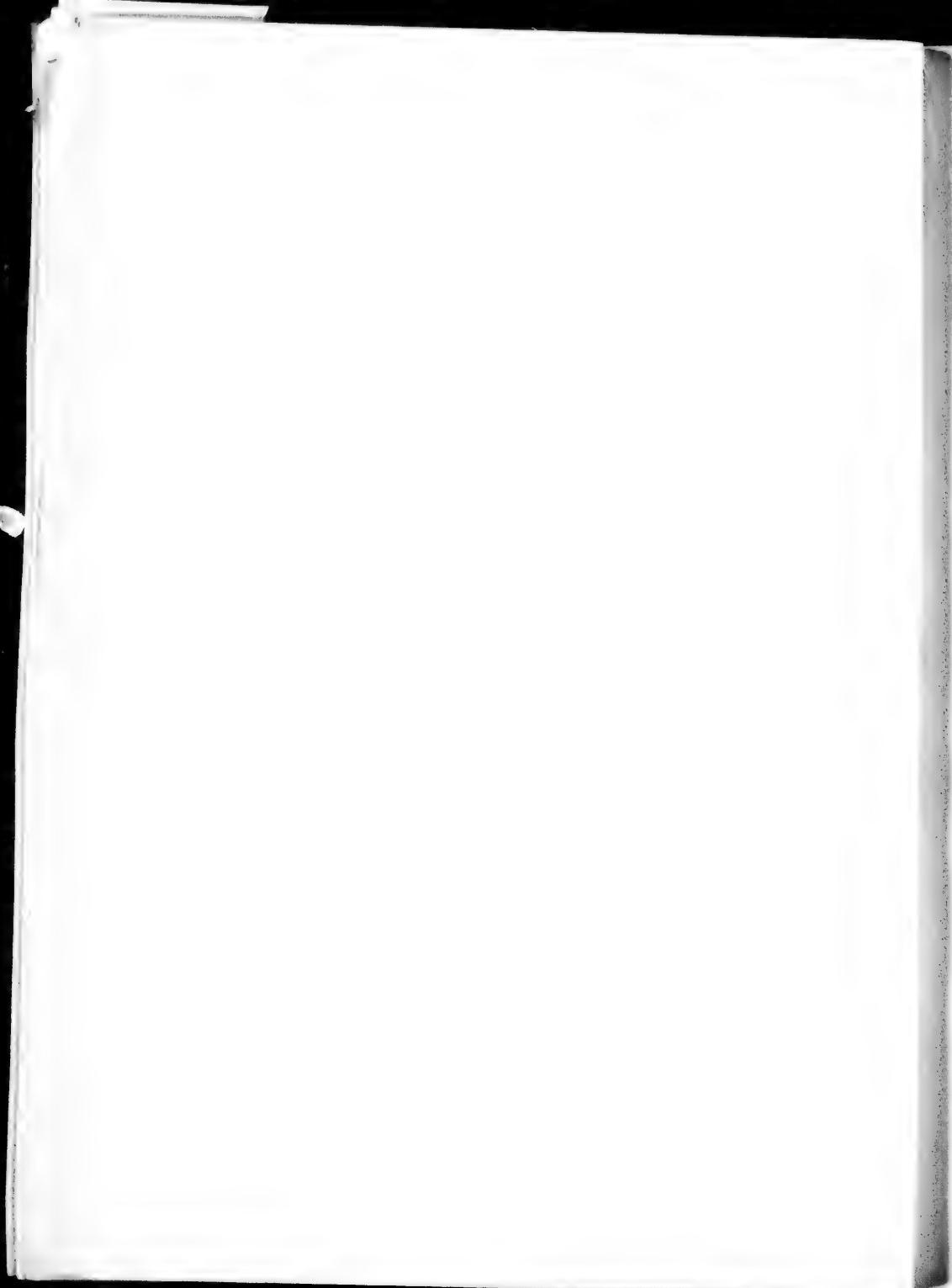
“ Papiol,”\* with good grace,  
Bear “ Oce No”† my message,  
And tell him : “ To long they are at peace ! ”



---

\* “ Papiol,” name of the minstrel who sang the compositions of Bertran de Born.

† “ Oce No,” disguised appellation by which the poet designates the King, Richard-Cœur-de-Lion.



---

MADRIGALS;  
OR,  
Erotic and Pastoral Songs.

---

on

## MADRIGALS.

---

DONA FELICIANA E. DE GUZMAN.

DIED ABOUT THE YEAR 1650.

*“Dijo el Amor.”*

On the margin of a brook,  
Where its limpid waters flow,  
Ever silent, deep and slow,  
    Cupid sits.

“Silence ! silence ! flowerets, mind !  
Cease your wooings with the wind !—  
Galatéa softly sleeps,”

He repeats.

“Rose : you will not long assume,  
When you see her blushes bloom—  
Nor shall I be longer ‘Love,’

    If she wakes ;—  
For, her eyes such arrows ’lance,\*  
If she casts *one* tender glance,  
I must yield ! my fate is seal’d ;  
    Wake her not !”

---

\* Elance.

† A Poetess is rarely met with among Spanish writers, but one who (in any tongue) sounds the praises of some other

PIETRO TRAPASSI METASTASIO.

1698-1782.

" Dreams of a sleep that death must break,  
Alas ! before it bids us wake,  
Ye disappear ! "

MANRIQUE.

" *Pur nel sonno almen talora.*"

Since the coy maiden of eyes demure,  
The light of whose glances my thoughts allure,  
Comes sometimes, at least, in my dreams obscure,  
    My languishing hopes to sustain :  
If it be pleasing to you, Amour,  
Kindly the joys of my dreams assure ;  
Oh ! let their charming deceits endure,  
    Or, waken me never again !

---

" beauty," is such a " *rara avis,*" as to merit special notice. The racy author of the Ancient " *Romance of Flamenca* " (who, by the way, was a most observant fellow), remarks :—

" When a certain fair dame  
Is—by her neighbors—extoll'd,  
Well may you know ' She 's a darling ! '  
For in this wide world,  
There 's not three women, all told !  
Whom the others agree, are not ' *mar-lings.*' "

A malicious libel, no doubt, which, in his own words, is thus expressed :—

" Quan las donas sa beutat lauzon,  
Ben podes saber bela es ;  
Qu'en tot lo mon non n'a ges tres  
En que las autres s'acordesson  
Que del tot, lur beutat lauzesson."

GIOVANNI GHERARDO DE' ROSSI.

1754-1827.

*"Amica Primavera."*

'Tis true, sweet May,  
Thy blossoms fall  
Beneath the summer's fervid gaze ;  
But e'er, with each revolving year,  
Thou dost return.

In bright array,  
My youth—in all—  
Out-rival'd thy most florid days ;  
But now, alas ! its bright career  
May n'er return !



FRANCISCO DE BORJA,

PRINCE OF ESQUILACHE.—1580-1658.

*"Pajarillo que cantas.\**

Little bird,  
Thou that softly pipest,  
When, with mournful murmur,

---

\* This Pastoral address to a nightingale by the Prince of Esquilache, is, without doubt, a perfect composition, if not the finest specimen of "Madrigal" extent, which, most assuredly, cannot be said of any translation.

At the break of day, thou wakest,  
And commovéd leavest  
The sombre wood-land, that hearkened to thine  
anguish,  
Hush ! do not wail so sadly,  
For it is wrong, and distressing, of him who  
sorrows,  
To hear the complaints, in the rosy, smiling  
morning.

Drearly,  
Through the sleeping branches,  
Moans the chilly night's wind ;  
With thy plaints, in dismal concert,—  
So, refrain, when thou invokest  
The rays that deck the dewy meadows, in their  
brightness,  
And disperse those mournful breezes ;  
For it is wrong, and distressing, of him who  
sorrows,  
To hear his complaints, in the rosy, smiling  
morning.

All, amid  
This boscage vernant,  
To thy griefs will listen,  
And, from the most adjacent willow,

To the most remote, with the  
Pools beneath, the verdant mosses, and the  
gaudy flowers,—  
By thine amours, be saddened ;  
For it is wrong, and distressing, of him who  
sorrows,  
To hear his complaints, in the rosy, smiling  
morning.

Ask no more—  
For thy inenancholy  
Lays—than the attentive  
Audience of the gentle Zephyrs ;  
That the leaves, may slumber  
To the mellow sounds, of thy garulous dis-  
courses,  
By other birds, most envied ;—  
For it is wrong, and distressing, of him who  
sorrows,  
To hear his complaints, in the rosy, smiling  
morning.



## GUTIERRE DE CETINA.

DIED, PROBABLY, IN THE YEAR 1560.

“*Ojos claros serenos.*”

Tell me, eyes of azurn splendor !  
Since tender looks have won you fame,  
Why, whene'er I chance to meet you,  
    You but stare in cold disdain !  
If, in dreamy softness, sparkling eyes,  
    Your greatest beauty, gleaming lies ;  
Then, why to me, and me alone,  
    Your genial lustre thus disown ?  
Dazzling eyes, of azurn splendor !  
Altho' you scorn my humble flame,—  
I hope and pray, that when I meet you,  
    You will deign to look again !



## PEDRO SOTO DE ROJAS.

DIED ABOUT THE YEAR 1660.

“*Pájaro venturoso.*”

The first mellow pipings of a bird at day-break reaches the ear of the captive in his lonely tower, and thus he sings :—

Poised upon some slender spray,  
Sweet minstrel of the dewy morn,  
Thou callest to thy gentle mate.

Hark ! thro' the sleepy grove remote,  
The matin aura wafts thy note.....  
With throbbing heart, and thrilling throat,  
She now returns thy greeting lay.....  
No studied arts thy songs adorn,  
Yet nature blessed thy humble state,  
Denied thee knowledge, gave thee rest,  
And banished sorrow from thy breast.  
But I, devoid of fleeting wing,  
Here alone in chains must sing.....  
Alas ! there's none to hear my words  
But ye : thrice happy, happy birds !



JACOPO VITTORELLI.

FROM THE EDITION OF 1818.

“Guarda, che bianca luna !”  
(To Irene.)

See how brightly shines  
Yon midnight moon !  
And how clear,  
The azurn ether !  
Not a passing aura's  
Drowsy rune,

Nor a starry  
Tremule either.  
From the sombre hedge,  
The nightingale  
To the ash-tree  
Lonely flying,  
Now in plaintive notes,  
His love exhales.....  
And his absent  
Mate replying,  
In the distant grove  
From tree to tree,  
Seems to say, “ Weep not,  
I’m coming ”.....  
Oh ! what a mellow  
Wooing-lay, has she !  
And “ Irene,”  
How becoming !.....  
Ah ! but *thou* know’st not  
How to answer *me*,—  
Thus intoning  
Tender passion.



GIOVANNI MELI.

(SICILIAN.)

*“Dimmi, dimmi apetta cara.”*

Tell me, tell me, little bee,  
Where, so early, dost thou stray?  
All is dark, and yonder hills,  
Still are clad in sombre gray.  
Out upon the misty wold  
Night distills its gelid dew;  
But, dear bee, how damp and cold  
Are thy wings of golden hue!  
See: the dulcet floweret sleeps,  
Nodding still with drowsy mien,—  
Scarce a blushing petal peeps  
From its modest calyx green.  
What availeth haste to thee?  
If the dawning still delay!  
Tell me, tell me, little bee,  
Where so early dost thou stray?  
“In quest of honey,” dost thou go?.....  
Then, those wings fatigue no more!  
For a certain place I know,  
Where thou’lt find an ample store.....  
Tell me, wand’rer! hast thou seen

Little Ruby,\* debonaire?.....  
None may rival her, I ween ;  
None for sweetness may compare !  
For, her rosy lips distill  
(Can it be unknown to thee?)  
Sweets ambrosial, where at will  
May'st thou prove my taste, dear bee.



THE EMPEROR HIAO-VOU-TI,  
OF THE  
DYNASTRY OF HAN.

REIGNED FROM 140 TO 186 B. C.

† *The Song of the Oars.*

The winds of the autumn are rising, hey !  
And dispersing the silvery clouds ;

---

\* The name, "Ruby," is substituted for "Nice," which might sound rather prosy to English ears, since the possessor of such sweetness should, most decidedly, seem more than nice to a yonth of keen taste. Besides, loving lips are always ruby—Ahem!—so they say.

† "Tseaou fong ke, hey ! pa yun faë ;  
Tsao mou ouang lo, hey ! ngan nän kouaë."

This couplet will give some idea of the sound of the original, which reads musically enough; but when sung by Mongolian fishermen on the Sacramento, some years ago, it proved to be ear-rending to white folk.

The leaflets are fading and falling, hey !  
O'er the meadows in wintery shrouds.

The stork and the wild swan returning, hey !  
To their haunts in the South, now have flown ;  
The flowers of the “ Lân ”\* tree have wither'd,  
hey !  
And the fragrant chrysanthemum blown.

While I think of the maiden of beauty, hey !  
Of whom fond recollections abide,  
My bark—with expectancy—homeward, hey !  
Spurns lightly the swift “ Hoân’s ”† tide.

To the sound of the drum’s measur’d beating,  
hey !  
Ere the keel touch the wave-beaten shores,  
I wear away moments of waiting, hey !  
Improving this song of the oars.



which  
possessor  
are than  
always

the origin-  
ally Mon-  
t proved

\* “ Lân,” an asiatic plant.

† “ Hoân ho,” a river of China.

GIOVANNI AGLIO.

1828.

*“Bello veder di fiore.”*

'T were sweet to view mid florid scenes,  
    The fluttering golden wing,  
That onward bears from flower to flower,  
    The butterfly of the spring :  
'T were sweet to watch the flocks that graze  
    Mid shadowy vernant vales,  
Where May has wreathed her blandest smiles,  
    And violets scent the gales :  
'T were fair to see them scale the slopes  
    Of picturesque sun-lit hills,  
Or slowly down steep winding ways,  
    Seek willowy pools and rills :  
But spring (if Irene be not near)  
    No longer may charming be ;  
Tho' flocks and hills, sweet flowers and vales,  
    Waste all of their wiles on me !



---

## LETRILLAS.

---

A Letrilla is a Short Poem adapted to  
Music.

---

\*

sele

# LETRILLAS.

---

JOSE CADALSO.

1741-1782.

"*Letrilla Satirica.*\*

'Tis true, that incense is permitted  
Within the mystic shrine of Cupid,  
    For I have seen it ;  
But, that perfumes alone suffice,  
Without a *golden* sacrifice,  
    I don't believe it.

'Tis true, that Flora twines a blossom  
Amid the lace that veils her bosom,  
    For I have seen it ;  
But, that it's a ruse of woman frail  
To provoke our gaze to pierce the veil,  
    I don't believe it !

---

\* The original satire contains 132 lines, from which 48 are selected, transposed and paraphrased.

'Tis true, the coquette at her mirror smiles  
And oft' displays more potent wiles,  
    For I have seen it ;  
But, that the crystal's cold reflections  
Are her dearest predilections,  
    No ! I don't believe it !

'Tis true, maidens blush and then look down  
When first they view their bridal gown,  
    For I have seen it ;  
But, that their thoughts do not aspire  
While musing o'er that love attire,  
    I don't believe it !

'Tis true, in the jealous husband's role,  
Love excells as jailor and patrol,  
    For I have seen it ;  
But, that such Argus Tyrants o'er their  
    wives,  
Are unconscious cuckolds all their lives,  
    No ! I don't believe it !

'Tis true, some as widows mourn to-day  
O'er their *darling* consort's *hon'ry'd* clay,  
    For I have seen it ;  
But, that they would pipe a bl'her lay  
If some handsome suitors passed their way,  
    I don't believe it !

'Tis true, to the antiquated dame,  
*Oh horrid man*,—terror is thy name,  
For I have seen it ;  
But that her dreams with mild disparity  
Recall gay youth with less severity,  
No ! I don't believe it !

'Tis true, Philosophers with grand phlegm  
Assert that " Love 's unknown to them,"  
For I have seen it ;  
But, that they *lie !* with both heart and pen,  
And merit contempt from honest men,  
Say ! who don't believe it ?

ANACREONTIC.

Who is that descending  
From the hills adjacent,  
A bottle in his grasp  
And laughter in his eyes ?  
Grape and ivy tendrils  
Wreathe about his temples—  
Throngs of youths attend him,  
And nymphs encircled round  
To the sound of timbrels  
Wake the dulcet echos,  
Applauding his approach,  
Proclaiming him a hero !

Great Bacchus it must be,  
Father of the vineyard ;  
But no ! 'tis the Poet,  
Author of this Satire.



### THE PRINCE OF ESQUILACHE.

1580-1658.

*“Fuentecillas que reis.”*

#### LETRA A.

Ye racy rills that slyly purl  
And with the pretty pebbles dally,  
Tell me truly  
Where you reckless wantons go !  
Past the wooing flowers you hurry,  
O'er the rugged rocks you worry ;—  
If you can lull your wayward whirl  
Amid some cool and sleepy valley,—  
Whisper softly,  
Why this weary fret and flow ?

VUELTAS.

Among those reeds and sandy riffles,  
'T were best to stay, to laugh and ripple,  
As babbling brooks among the flowers—  
Not rush, as torrents, to the ocean,—

There to perish !

If joy awakes your wild commotion,

Tell me truly

Where you reckless wantons go !

Past the wooing flowers you hurry,

O'er the rugged rocks you worry.

Since thus you leave familiar shadows,  
Loving flowers and friendly pebbles  
(As tho' you dread your native mountains),  
To fall and foam and brawl unceasing,  
Along your toilsome, troubled journeys,—  
If you can lull your wayward whirl  
Amid some cool and sleepy valley,—

Whisper softly,

Why this weary fret and flow ?



LUIS DE CAMOENS.

1524-1579.

“*A'tençao de Miraguarda.*”

Lady ! Who once has seen  
Your wondrous beauty,  
Cannot possibly withstand it ;  
If thus you tempt,  
Who can a single day resist you ?  
In this event  
It might be best,  
But to behold and not resist,  
Than dare resist  
As well as see ;  
See and withstand, very well would be,  
But.... ....  
Who could do it ?



FRANCESCO MANOEL DE MELO.

DIED 1660.

“*Aure fresche, aure Volanti.*”

Genial Aura, hither straying,  
On some mystic errand bent ;  
You who passing blandly whisper  
To each pensive, blushing flower,—  
Bear upon your languid gales,  
The missives that my heart exhales !

Swiftly, Aura, let your pinions \*  
Waft them to the girl I love ;  
Sighing, you will tell her truly  
All the longings of my heart,—  
Let your pleadings low and faint,  
But re-echo my complaint !

When your wanton Zephyrs revel  
'Mid her maze of golden hair,  
And her modest ringlets ravish  
Of some thoughtless, erring curl,—  
Let them loose the magic chain  
That has bound my heart and brain !

---

\* In making this translation from the text of F. M. de Melo, the second stanza was omitted, as it seemed to admit of no satisfactory English version. Subsequently, while engaged upon Italian authors, this poem was found among the Ballads of Girolamo Preti, who died in 1626, or thirty-four years before F. M. de Melo.

The "Ballata" is superior to the "Lettrilla," and is evidently the original. However, as the English translation had already been made (with some measure of success), to dispense with the lines in question, the liberty is taken to compromise the matter by simply appending a copy of the stanza :

"Con voi parlo, are pietose :  
Che Costei pietà non sente.  
Con voi piango, aure amorose :  
Ch'al mio pianto ella è ridente.  
Voi pietose à miei martiri  
Sospirate a' miei sospiri."

If in dreamy, charm'd gyrations,  
    You enfold her graceful form,  
Quench ! (at least one fleeting moment)  
The ardor of her glance,—  
    For even while their beams repose,  
    Each latent sparkle warmer glows !



PIETRO PAOLO PARZANESE.

1810-1852.

*“Dove Vâ ?”*

Upon the shallows of a stream,  
    The plangent crystals glow and gleam ;  
Flowing, flowing, never resting.....  
    Whither, waves, away ?

The darting swallows, with the spring,  
    Both come and go on fleeting wing ;  
Flying, flying, never resting.....  
    Whither, birds, away ?

Above the Altar, mystic shrouds  
    Of sacred incense wreath in clouds ;  
Rising, rising, never resting.....  
    Whither, fumes, away ?

In youth's ecstatic, dreamy trance,  
Ye, merry damsels, laugh and dance ;  
Whirling, whirling, never resting.....  
Whither, maids, away ?



### GIOVANNI BERCHET.

DIED 1853.

#### ROMANZO.

“ Va per la selva bruna  
Solingo it Trovator,  
Domato dal rigor  
Della fortuna.”

“ *Il Trouvatore*,” Parodied.\*

“ Out ! in the chilly night ”  
Strayed a love-lorn Troubadour,  
O'er the bleak and barren moor,  
In the waning lunar light.

---

\* In this composition the writer pleads guilty of wilfully mutilating an Italian poet, as well as pirating an Irish bard ; so, fair critic :

“ Languendo, gemendo  
Et genuflectendo  
Adoro, imploro,  
Ut perdone me ! ”

Flush'd ! was the rose that blush'd  
On the cheeks of the pensive Bard,  
And the " Lai " that hunger mar'd  
With langor sweetly gush'd.

Up ! to his " Darling's " bower,  
On the wings of the autumn gale,  
Soar'd his heart's unmuzzled tale,  
In that ill-fated hour.

Loud ! snored the lady's sire—  
Louder ! swell'd the imprudent strain,  
That betray'd the prowling swain,  
To his avenging ire.

Fear ! thrill'd the maiden's breast  
When she heard " a funeral note "  
From the minstrel's tortured throat,—  
By her " Pa " unkindly press'd.

Down ! down the slimy Scarp,\*  
Where the fragrant buzzard gloats  
Over " debris feline," dogs and stoats,  
Roll'd—the " Jongleur " and his harp !

\* Scarp, into the Moat.

Back ! thro' the sombre night  
Reel'd a batter'd Troubadour :  
O'er the spectral midnight moor,  
Pale Death distill'd his blight !

Blanch'd ! were the glows that flush'd  
Once the cheeks of a rampant Bard,  
And the "Lai" that discord mar'd  
Was now forever hush'd.



### GIORGIO BERTOLA.

1753-1798.

"*La Farfalla Sulla Rosa.*"

#### A FABLE.

A butterfly once upon a rose  
Was proudly heard to sing :  
" For me the budding rose is sweet !  
For me alone it blooms !"  
Amid the summer's sunny glows  
She spread her golden wings,  
And blithe, and boldly did repeat,  
" For me the roses bloom ! "

But, while she (alas ! it must be told)  
    Her queenly rights made known,  
        A rustic maiden, passing by,  
            Espied her wings of gold !  
        And pausing near the trembling throne  
            She plucked "the pretty fly,"  
                And then the rose's bloom !

MORAL.

*So do not trust, tho' fortunes high  
    Persuade thee to presume ;  
    But think that thou art still—"the fly"  
        Upon the rose's bloom !*



GIOVANNI GHERARDO DE' ROSSI.

1754-1827.

"*Un tenero Usignuolo.*"

(THE FABLE OF THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE OWLS.)

A nightingale,  
That of 't-recurrent griefs oppress'd  
    (Whose singing seem'd  
His *old misfortunes* to recall)  
        From out a grove,

The sad and sombre night address'd :  
    Adjacent stood  
The ruin of an ancient wall,  
    In which a throng  
Of owls and bats had found a rent ;  
    When three grave fowls  
His lay o'er-heard, they all exclaimed,  
    “ Ah !—What !—Shall we  
To our disgrace, at night consent  
    That birds of day  
Should thus presumptuously declaim ?—  
    Let this bold bird  
But hear the concert *we* can sing !”  
    Thus having said,  
The owls from their retreat emerged  
    With frightful hoots,  
That thrill'd the very bones of night ;  
    But when the crew  
Well nigh upon distraction verged,  
    The nightingale  
In silence and disgust took flight !  
    When they beheld  
Him thus acknowledge his defeat,  
    'Mid loud proclaims  
Of “ Victory ! ” they wildly screeched :  
    “ Fair Sirs ! saw ye

How yon impostor in retreat,  
Refused to match  
His stock of melody 'gainst *ours?*"

MORAL.

Andacious fools are ever prone,  
To see no merits but their own,  
And if from folly wisdom flies,  
The fool, triumphal Pæans sings ;  
Though in contempt the motive lies,  
For such fugacious Sage's wings.



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## MELANCHOLICS.

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F

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# MELANCHOLICS.

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FRANCISCO G. DE QUEVEDO Y VILLEGAS.

1580-1645.

*"Miré ligera nave."*

---

BENEATH THE NAME OF

JOHN<sup>TH</sup>. ROGERS

THIS TRANSLATION IS INSCRIBED AS A KINDLY TRIBUTE  
OF MEMORY'S EVERGREEN.

---

*"Muor giovane colui ch'al cielo è caro."*

MENANDRO.

## I.

I beheld a ship  
With snowy wings,  
That sail'd before propitious gales ;  
From the tempest blast  
She seemed secure,  
And from the rigors of the seas.  
In the ocean depths  
The sunbeams bathed,  
And sparkled thro' the azurn waves,

And the gallant ship  
With treasure stored,  
Crowned the parting swells with foam ;  
When with furor wild  
The storm burst round !  
Upon the seething shoals she struck,  
And with such force,  
That a hopeless wreck,  
Which ruthless wind and waves dispers'd,  
Dismantled there she lay ;  
Leaving (as mementos  
Of her untimely fate)  
A shattered hulk and broken spars  
To tell the mournful tale.

II.

Amid Elysian groves  
A laurel proudly reigned,  
Thronged with joyous birds, whose singing  
All the senses stole  
From Argus Care ;  
The verdant glades, in brightest hues,  
Smiled elate to be  
Adorn so gaily,  
While to its leaves  
The wind in blandest aura sighed :

When a sable cloud  
Obscured the sun,  
And shrouding me in gloom,  
Hurled from its midst a deadly ray—  
Consumed the tree  
And all its gala wreaths of May !

III.

I saw a pulid stream  
With lavish wealth  
Of purling crystal, flow toying  
With the giddy sands,—  
And in its depths  
Reflecting all the pretty clouds,  
While, to its florid banks  
It either sighed,  
Or, for their diversion sang ;  
Like a mirror set  
In emeralds,  
It seemed to me the brightest gem  
Amid the vale.  
Suddenly a cave  
Of gloomy aspect yawned before !  
And like a pall  
The darkness fell  
Upon the silenced flood, as through

Its dismal portals  
The fountain sped,  
And.....was lost from view forever !  
While its current brief  
Was soon restored  
With *tears* by those who wept its loss.

IV.

A finch of varied dyes,  
Suggesting plumes  
Of gold and flowers, with mellow pipe  
(The *Alba*\* minstrel  
Who awakes the morn)  
In praise of boundless liberty  
And heart's content,  
Both sweet and blithely sang ;  
When on a green retired bough,  
In leafy shades  
Enticed to perch,  
**I** saw its galas crushed within  
A serpent's † power,  
Whose seried coils

---

\* “Alba”: Aubade, or matin song.

† The liberty is here taken of substituting a ‘serpent’ for the ~~hard~~-lime and toils of the bird catcher, as embodied in the original; not as an improvement however, but merely as a simplification.

Soon hushed its wildly beating wings,  
And changed its scarce  
Acquired song  
To doleful wails and sad complaint.

V.

But the ship attained  
Its port at last,  
And hence the laurel was transplanted,—  
From which the angels  
Now are weaving crowns ;  
The fountain, purified, from these  
Arid deserts flowed  
To join the Fount of Grace ;  
While the bird, with sweeter song,  
A seraph,—haunts  
Celestial groves,  
Where naught may rob its lofty nest ;  
So those who mourn  
For *Dou Luis*,  
Do not know that Bird and Laurel,  
Ship and Fountain,  
Have in heaven—  
Where they are gathered—*nest and flowers,*  
*Port and endless course.*

## DON ALONSO DE ERCILLA.

1533-1594.

In enumerating the treasures of Don Quixote's library, Cervantes ranks the *Araucana* among the rarest gems of the Castilian Muse, and yet he seems to have failed to duly appreciate Ercilla when he ventures to exalt Virues and Juan Rufo to the same level, for Ercilla has been justly styled the "Homer of Spain"; and in one respect he surpasses both Virgil and Homer by being a hero himself.

Similar to that of "Camoens," the life of Ercilla is but a record of noble and loyal services, repaid with the most heartless neglect; and to this, probably, is due the incompleteness of the "*Araucana*."

After producing upwards of eighteen thousand lines of this brilliant historical poem, he succumbs to the blight of royal disfavor, and abruptly leaves the thankless task to some more favored genius, who unfortunately has not yet appeared, although two young aspirants, "Osero" and "Pedro de Ona," have ventured and failed.

The following are his concluding stanzas, addressed to the king, Felipe II:—

### STANZAS FROM THE ARAUCANA.

#### CANTO XXXVII.

Altho' my never-tiring earnest care  
Is more intense to-day to serve thee,  
Dismayed at last, my weary hopes despair  
At seeing water always hurled upon me;

And now, as toward my journey's end I fare,  
I find my way-worn bark to be,  
By adverse fortune e'er opposed,  
Distant from the end and port proposed.

But tho' my wayward star with waning glow  
Has left me thus to drift unguided,  
Yet Time's unerring chart will show  
That straight among the shoals I glided ;  
And tho' fainter still my prospects grow,  
The premium lies *in having earned it*,—  
And honours *earned* are more I trow,  
Than laurels *worn* unmerited ; \*

For the sordid, craven, mean disfavor  
That keeps my life submerged in gloom,  
Suspends my hand from further labor,  
Constrains me here to stay my plume ;  
So I refrain, since it comports  
The deeds that grace thy 'lustrious courts,  
And themes thy lofty thoughts inspire,  
That some other genius wake the lyre.

---

\* These famous lines;

“ **Y** las honoras consisten, no en tenerlas  
Sino en solo arribar a merecerlas.”

Literally translated are :

“ And honours consist, not in having them,  
But only in attaining to merit them.”

And since that from the last and utmost bound  
My bark can scarcely further blow,  
And of the bourne that doubts and fears surround  
The most knowing pilots nothing know ;  
Perceiving now what little space remains,  
I wish to finish living e're the lot  
Of life's uncertain tenure wanes,  
So many seasons erring and distraught.

For tho' deferred until its recent date  
Has now reduced me to the last resort,  
Yet well I know 'tis n'er too late  
To turn to God, altho' the time be short ;—  
As to His mercy all may have access,  
And none, though deep in sin, need e're despair,  
Since God forgets the sin's excess,  
But not the deeds of merit fair.

And I, who to the world so reckless gave  
My life in all its florid vigor,  
And e'er to vain, illusive hopes a slave,  
Pursued their headlong course with rigor ;  
Beholding now the empty harvest (save  
The tardy knowledge of mine error),  
From now henceforth this thought shall bring  
Me much to mourn but naught to sing.

## GIACOMO LEOPARDI.

1798-1835.

“ Conforme ebber natura  
Le foglie e l'uman seme.”

### CANTO XXXV.

“ *Lungi dal proprio ramo.*”

“ Distant from thy native branch,  
Whither fiest ?  
Fragile leaf.”

“ By boisterous winds unkindly torn,  
From my parent beech I'm borne  
Whirl'd from wood-land to the plain,  
And on from vale to hill again ;  
Further ever I am blown !.....  
A pilgrim to some distant bourne,  
Name and clime to me unknown,  
I go the way that all things go ;  
Whither rose and laurel blow.”

PIETRO TRAPASSI METASTASIO.

1698-1782.

“*Siam navi.*”

As ships, we live  
Abandoned to the wint’ry waves ;  
Our passions give  
The wind that bleak and wildly raves ;  
Our pleasures lie  
As reefs and shoals upon our lee ;  
Our lives supply  
The stormy, ever-changing sea ;  
And reason fain  
Would be the pilot of our course,—  
But all in vain,  
Since pride subverts its best resource.



JOSÉ ANTONIO MAITIN,  
A NATIVE OF PUERTO-CABELLO.

“*Choroni.*”

How fair to see the brooklet gliding  
In bubbling eddies down the vale ;  
Its flecks of foam to flowers confiding  
That stoop to hear their mystic tale.

And while the errant breeze is blowing  
In weird gyrations o'er the lake,  
To see the laughing waters flowing  
In mazy ripples in its wake.

And when the sun with ardor beaming  
Suspended midway o'er the earth,  
Upon the fainting meadows gleaming,  
Consumes the arid plains with dearth,—

How sweet to roam 'mid cool expanses  
Of sylvan-shadow'd verdant glades,  
And see the fountain's sparkling glances  
Glimmering from the luring shades !

And see the clouds with crimson lining,  
Adorn with bars of burning gold,  
As toward the west the sun declining,  
In mantling mists its rays enfolds.

Or when in morning's twilight fading,  
The stars at last recede from sight ;  
How fair to see the dawn pervading  
The eastern heavens, warm and bright !

And see the pearly dew-drops pendant  
That trembling to the stamens cleave,  
Or hang in beaded rows resplendent  
Around the crisp, serrated leaves ;

And then to hear the echos telling  
The mournful d  scants of the doves,\*  
Whose wooings seem like sorrow's welling  
Far more than greetings of the Loves—

And hear the linnet wildly singing,  
Who, thrills of tenderness, betrays,  
When on some lofty ramal swinging,  
He there salutes the dawning rays.....

Oh ! careless birds on fleeting pinions  
Who free in quest of joyance rove,  
I envy thee thy fair dominions,  
Thy flowers, thy hills, and vernant groves !

\* \* \* \* \*

I'll seek amid thy songs for pleasure ;  
For peace I'll haunt thy woods and glades,  
And give my sorrows ample leisure  
For grateful solace in the shades !



---

\* The mourning doves of the tropics.

“ The wakeful nightingale  
All night long her amorous *descant* sung.”

MILTON.

DONA GERTRUDIS G. DE AVELLANEDA.

1816.

“*Y tu, tierno Amante.*” \*

Tell me, thou vain erring mortal,  
Whose follies and fears  
Throng the tear-laden years  
Of thy pilgrimage brief,  
What may *stern destiny* conquer,  
Charm sadness away  
And remove or allay  
Thy bitterest grief?

---

\* The original poem is most gracefully addressed to a tender lover, but in translating the concluding lines the character seemed to be well worthy of promotion, so an attempt was made to exalt a sentimental “*Trova*” to the dignity of a grave “*Sirvente*.”

For those who would have it “*Couleur de rose,*” here is the first stanza. (Pipe it softly!):

“ *Y tu, tierno Amante*  
*Que triste suspiras*  
*De ausencia las iras,*  
*De olvido el rigor,*  
*Qué balsamo suave*  
*Mitiga tu pena,*  
*Y encanta y serena*  
*Tu acerbo dolor? .... ”*

Thou, exalted Hope, only  
Art superior to fate,  
For thou soarest elate  
    From the regions of gloom ;  
Thy flowers are perennials  
That 'mid glacial snows,  
Or, where arid sand glows,  
    Ever flourish and bloom !



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CANCIONES;  
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LAYS.

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# CANCIONES.

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GIL VICENTE.\*

DIED 1557.

*“Cançao.”*

So graceful is the maiden,  
And so charming ;  
Oh ! what can be as handsome  
Or so pleasing ?

Tell me, genial sailor,  
You who rove propitious seas,  
If the stars or ships and sails  
Are as charming !

---

\* It may be well to state that this little poem is not a selection (it being simply a paraphrase of a few lines at present available to the translator), as this poet is not only famous as the author “El Auto, de Don Luis de los Turcos” and other works of genius, but as the victim of a most unnatural rival, his father; who bore the same name and was also a poet, but of less merit. Envyng his son’s success, he caused him to be exiled to India, where, like a hero upon a hard fought field, he died; “onde deo bem a conhecer quanto nao tinha menos mao para a penna, que para a espada.”

Tell me, gallant soldier,  
    You who bear the blazoned shield,  
If your charger, sword and mail  
    Are as handsome !

Tell me, gentle shepherd,  
    You who herd upon the leas,  
If the flocks or hills and vales  
    Are as pleasing !



ANONYMOUS.

FROM THE "CANCIONERO" OF 1511.

"*Corteda.*"

"Por falta de conocer."

To loose a lady's favor  
Thro' the want of wise discretion  
One should never have been born !

Among the flowers I lost her !  
While weaving rosy garlands  
She with eyes averted gazed,  
And her cheeks with crimson blazed

For she softly spoke of love !  
Her words were no avail !  
    Oh ! .....

I knew not what to say !—  
I should never have been born !

Among the flowers I lost her,  
As wreathed with rosy garlands  
She whispered me her love !—  
Disconcerted and amazed  
I stood paralyzed and dazed,—  
For among the flowers.....she fainted !  
    Her *ruse* was no avail !  
    Oh ! .....

I knew not what to do !—  
I should never have been born !



ANONYMOUS.

FROM THE "CANCIONERO" OF 1511.

"*Pues por besarte,*"

I know it 's for kissing you, boy,  
That mother is angry with me ;  
So give me back quickly, my dear,  
That kiss you took from me !

Return it with hearty good will  
That mother may chide me no more,  
And then we can say, "We are still  
As good and as safe as before."  
There's sometimes a pleasure you know,  
In paying a debt that you owe,  
So give me back quickly, my dear,  
That kiss you took from me !

For God's sake return me the kiss !  
To silence an exigent mother,  
Or if you think this concession amiss,  
Would you please to exchange for another ?  
'Twould avenge us of grumblers you know,  
By paying this debt that you owe,  
So give me back quickly, my dear,  
That kiss you took from me !



### FRANCISCO DE RIOJO.

DIED 1658.

*"Pura, encendida rosa."*

Say ! thou blushing rose, that rival'st  
Yonder purpling, misty east,  
Wherfore dost thou bloom so gaily,  
If thou knowest that thine age

Is, of all the flowers, the least ?  
Neither thorns, tho' close arraying,  
Nor thy regal purple bloom  
Are one moment brief delaying  
The fell rigour of thy doom ! ... ....  
Soon, alas ! thy dewy petals,  
Smiling careless of their fate,  
All will flutter, parched and wither'd,  
Where despoiling shadows wait.

\* \* \* \*

Scarce thy gaudy plumes unfoldest  
To the genial solar ray,  
Ere to earth thou fallest fainting,  
Having lived thy 'lotted day ;  
Ah ! so swiftly time is flowing  
That I know not if the dew,  
Weeps thy bud, thy blossom blowing,  
Or thy faded leaves, adieu.



## THE CAPTIVE OF “OCHALI.”\*

ANONYMOUS. FROM THE “CANCIONERO” OF 1511.

By singing the traveller cheers his journey ; †  
The mariner, plowing the ocean, sings,  
And singing beguiles the toiler’s labor,—  
So the plaintive lover transmits a prayer  
To his indurate mistress by singing ;  
But, from the light of my sorrow so far,  
*How can I, among aliens sing ?*

---

\* “Ochali,” Viceroy of Argel, the terrible Corsair whose fleet was destroyed in the battle of Lepanto.

† Camoens seems to have had this poem in mind, when, as a shipwrecked mariner, he composed his beautiful “Redondilhas” on the banks of the river “Mecon” of India, in 1560 :

“ Canta o caminhante lêdo,  
No caminho trabalhoso,  
Por entre o espesso arvoredo ;  
E de noite o temeroso  
Cantando refrâa o medo.  
Canta o preso docemente,  
Os duros grilhoes tocando ;  
Canta o segador contente ;  
E o trabalhador cantando,  
O tabalho menos sente.”

And later, the Spanish poet, “Pedro de Salas,” who died in 1638, in his “Complaints of an exile” :

“ Al son de las prisiones  
En que ansente del patrio reino vivo,  
Como alegres canciones  
Puede cantar mi corazon cautivo ? ”

The garulous birds, with wild melody  
Welcome the rays of the blushing morn,  
But in the depths of this gloomy abode,  
When will the day ever dawn for me ?  
If my life is one long lamentation,  
What can I of sweet harmony know ?  
If in exile I weep for my country,  
*How can I, among aliens sing ?*

The agony of the direst torture,  
The most cruel pangs that love can give,  
If the object of our love is present,  
In that dear presence finds relief ;  
But, far from the joy for which I weep !  
How shall I quell this ardent longing ?  
Alone, a prey to grief and cruel chains !  
*How can I, among aliens sing ?*

'Tis said, the dying swan by singing  
Celebrates the obsequies of its death,  
As tho', its approaching end divining,  
It would reconcile itself with song ;  
So I, amid this constant anguish,  
Also feel the cheerless hour approach,—  
But know, alas ! my dismal fate ordains ;  
*That I may not, among aliens sing.*



### CALDERON.

*A fragment from "La vida es sueno."*

'Tis said, a roving sage was one find day  
So poor and miserable indeed,  
That he appeased his hunger by the way  
Upon the leaves of a wayside weed :  
"Can there be," quoth he within himself,  
"A more poverty stricken elf?"  
Here he paused, and sadly glancing round,  
This answer to his query found :  
*Another "Sage" had just collected  
The withered leaves that he rejected !*



---

## RHYMES.

---

“ Nulhs hom non pot ben chantar  
Sens umar ;  
Pero, s'ieu argues  
Gaya Domna, tal que m plagues,  
Ges non sui tan desesperatz  
Qu'ieu non *chans*, si fos amatz.”

ELIAS CAIRELS.

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## APOLOGY.

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There can be nothing more fatal to the success of the first publication of a versifier, than the unwarrantable obtrusion upon his readers, of *prentice-work* under the denomination of "early" or "occasional poems."

Without presuming to account for their presence in the works of others, I have no hesitancy in admitting that in the present instance they are simply employed as "padding," hence the necessity of an apology.

Less than a year ago, with a fair knowledge of French and Spanish, supplemented by a smattering of the Gascon dialect, I began the study of mediæval poets.

Commencing with the Troubadours, I devoted every leisure moment and much "midnight oil" to the acquisition of languages and making translations, so that by the end of October my little undertaking reached its present dimensions, and in a few weeks more would have attained the limit set for my first venture—one hundred pages.

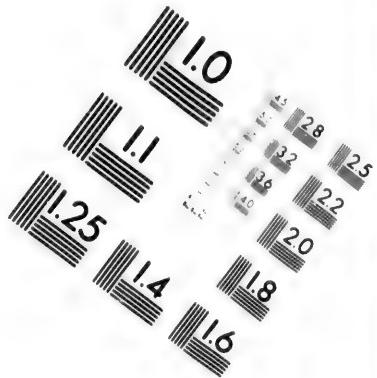
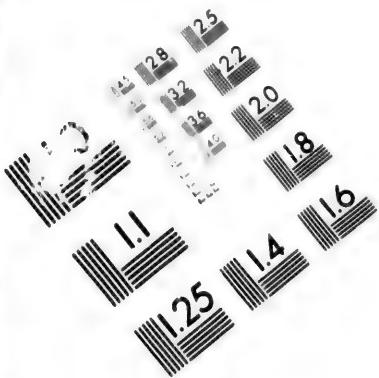
Unfortunately, unforseen events have necessitated the premature publication of the book, and the filling out of the concluding pages with a variety of rubbish, which, otherwise, on no account would have appeared.

Hoping that all who invest in a copy of these translations may find *in them* the worth of their money, and kindly accept this apology, *and the padding to boot*, I aspire to be, fair reader,

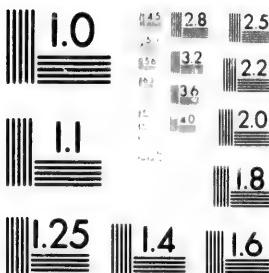
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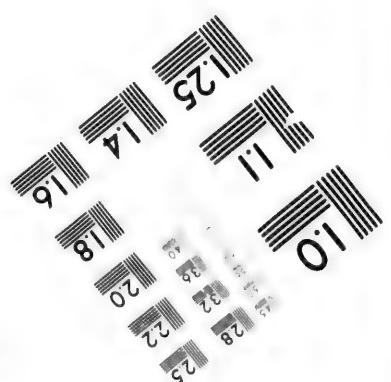
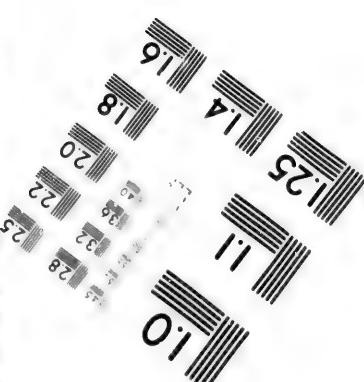
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# RHYMES.

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## THE SIESTA.

"Doun la fino aygueto  
Tout l'an à l'oumbreto  
Sul caillaou çaqueto."

JASMIN.

Beneath these nodding branches,  
To the brooklet's drowsy murmurs,  
And the leaflet's soft susurrus,  
In the shadows I would sleep.

Let your pinions, rosy fancy,  
Waft my thoughts beyond the ether—  
Past the filmy, soaring cirrus—  
To some haven of content :  
In that fair cerulean realm,  
Where they fear not for to-morrow—  
Feel no past nor present sorrow—

Let them rest,

For,

Beneath these nodding branches,  
To the brooklet's drowsy murmurs,  
And the leaflet's soft susurrus,—  
In the shadows I would sleep.

'Mong the olives, vines and roses,  
Wreathed with orange flowers and myrtle,  
Kindly, fancy, let them dally  
With your visions of fair women :  
In that blest elysian realm  
Where they fear not for to-morrow—  
Feel no past nor present sorrow—  
Let them rest ;  
For,  
Beneath these nodding branches,  
To the brooklet's drowsy murmurs,  
And the leaflet's soft susurrus,—  
In the shadows I would sleep.

When the ancient reaper's sickle  
Lays me low among the daisies,  
May this spirit fade as quickly—  
May its fate be that of flowers !  
In some floral-spirit realm,  
Where they fear not for to-morrow—  
Feel no past nor present sorrow—  
Let it rest !  
For,  
Beneath these nodding branches,  
To the brooklet's drowsy murmurs,  
And the leaflet's soft susurrus,—  
In the shadows I would sleep.

IEU VOLGRA SER AUZEL.

'Tis said of a bird  
That pipes its lay,  
When the stars of ev'ning peep,  
That a zephyr wafts  
His song away,  
To where the roses sleep ;  
And if softly through  
The sleeping groves,  
With his dulcet burden flying,  
The zephyr finds  
A budding rose,  
In calyx bondage sighing ;  
He quickly shakes  
A magic tone,  
From his echo-laden plumes ;  
And soon an ardent,  
Loving wanton  
In blushing fragrance blooms !  
Moral Reflection :—“ *Would I were a bird !* ”



## MARGARITAS.

“ De mortuis nil nisi bonum.”

If warmth of passion  
Make venal pleasures dear  
    To mortality,  
Breathe but compassion.....  
Here weep a silent tear,  
    O'er frail humanity.

If chants of requiem  
Waft souls to purer spheres  
    Of immortality,  
Breathe no detraction.....  
Far from these funeral biers,  
    The blight of infamy !



## LOVE'S INDICES.

Each ray that beams from sparkling eyes,  
Is but the course that Cupid flies,  
    In some congenial spirit's quest.  
Each glow that dyes the maiden's cheek,  
Is but a Love that flies to greet,  
    And welcome Cupid to her nest.

The pulse that thrills with ardent beat  
When hands unconscious chance to meet,  
Foretells the fate of hearts the best.  
The sighs exhaled from rosy lips,  
Are each a pledge the soul emits—  
A kiss pawns all 'he rest !



#### SPRING POETS' CHORUS.

We do but sing  
Because we must,  
And pipe but as  
The donkeys sing ;\*  
With swelling lays  
Inspired, we "bu'st"  
In "love-he-haws!"  
Re-echoing :.....  
He-haw !-He-haw !  
'Tis *love* we sing ;  
To-all-ye-sportive  
Nymphs in spring !

---

\* " We do but sing because we must  
And pipe but as the *linnets* sing."—

*A Grape from a Thorn.*

orn.